

THE
Double Deceit:
OR, THE
HAPPY PAIR.
A
FARCE.

As 'twas design'd to have been acted at one of
the Theatres.

To which is added, some other merry Pieces.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TOMSON; and sold by the
Bookfellers. MDCCXLV.

611 7. 13 133



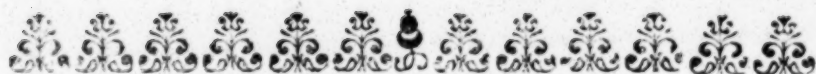
The PROLOGUE.

*H*ERE, as at Feasts, the Desert last comes on,
 To please the Palate, after Supper's done;
 Just so, to Night, are our Designs to treat,
 Your dainty tastes, with something short and sweet,
 And hope it may no worse Reception meet;
 For if it should, I vow 'twill make me fret;
 I see, Gallants, your Mouths are ready set.
 For all you smile, I read it in your Faces;
 You snarling Criticks, you have all your Paces.

It's true, our Author's but a Country Clown;
 You'll say 'ts a Sign he little knows the Town,
 Presuming thus, in our nice polish'd Age,
 To bring his Rustic Stuff upon the Stage.
 'Twill never do — but 'tis n't for me to prate,
 For I, and't please you, am his Advocate.
 A pretty Office truly; on my Life!
 I'd rather much he'd left me with his Wife,
 And come himself. — What can be done or said?
 Yet one would think he'd something in his Head;
 Some Meaning sure, had he but Wit to shew it:
 Faith, each mere Plough-man, now-a-days, turns Poet.
 Such scribbling Throngs! — 'Twill never do —

[Here one, representing the Author, comes behind him, gives him Money, and says—Go on.]
 Is that our Author? Faith, I like the — Man.
 Who could have thought it? — Well, what shall be said?
 Now I believe he's something in his—Head.
 He's no such Fool as I was just describing,
 But knows the Town, has got the Knack of Bribing.
 This mayn't be all our Author has in Store.
 See! Half a Crown! good Blood, good Blood, tho' poor. }
 If this new Touch shou'd take, he'll give me more.
 Then, gentle Audience all, I humbly pray,
 For both our Sakes, have Mercy on the Play.
 What Store of such! † — If you forbear to hiss—
 But first I'll go, and merry be with this. [Exit.]

† Looks on the Money.



Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. HOLLIDAY, a Country Farmer.

Mrs. HOLLIDAY, his Wife.

DOLLY, Daughter to them, in Love with ROGER.

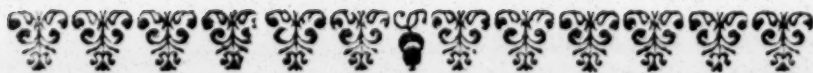
ROGER, a smart Country Swain, Suitor to DOLLY;
but not approved of by her Father.

Mr. LOOKOUT, a Citizen of *London*.

WILL EASY, another Citizen.

MARGARET, Servant to Mr. HOLLIDAY.

With several other Persons.





T H E

Double Deceit:

O R, T H E

H A P P Y P A I R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Mr. *Holliday's*, a Country-Farm House.

Scene changes to the Hall.

Enter Dolly and Margret.

Dolly. **Y** O U surprise me *Margaret* ———
What Method must be taken to prevent it? be married against my Will, and to one I never saw neither,—no,—I'll sooner beg with *Roger* from Door to Door all my lifetime.

Marg. Never despair Child, *Roger* has Ingenuity enough no doubt. — If he han't I'll lend a hand, and you know a Woman's Project seldom fails.—

Dolly. True, — but who can this fine Spark be? My Father is often dinging me in the Ears about him.

B 2

Marg.

Marg. I know him not, but am told by the by, he's a half broke Tradesman at *Lunon* and wants a little Money I suppose.

Dolly. Are you sure of his coming?

Marg. Sure, ay, as sure as —

Dolly. As what Hussy?

Marg. As you'd be married to *Roger* before to morrow Night if you cou'd.

Dolly sings. *O cruel cruel Fate*

That does me my Love deny,
But before I'll marry one I hate,
For him I love I'll die.

Marg. This Love is a bewitching thing, especially when it gets the upper hand of a young Woman, — thank God it's all over with me; tho' I have been in love twenty and twenty Times, and got clear over all, so never fear my Dear, I'll do my best to help you out too.—

Dolly. It's enough — away — I hear my Father coming.
[*Exeunt both.*]

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Hollyday talking together.

Mr. Holl. I've been a little concern'd lately, Wife, about this Wench of ours, for I find here's *Roger* and several other young Fellows comes buzzing after her like Flies about a Butcher's Shop in a Summers Morning, and I'm afraid she'll some Day or other (unknown to us) go fling herself away on some of them; for these young Wenches think if they get but a Husband, they've got all the World in a String. But I'll hinder it if I can, for I don't intend she shall be married yet, and not at all to any of these country Clods; so pray do you talk to her about it.

Mrs. Holl. Truly, Husband, I have told her over and over of this Fellow, and t'other Fellow coming after

after her, but she minds me no more than the Barking of a Dog.

Mr. *Holl*. Like enough, a bold Face, but I'd have you to keep her within doors as much as you can, and I warrant you I'll keep her Sparks away with a Murrain to 'em; I have forewarn'd one or two coming here already, for I tell you I have one in my Eye I design to marry her to, a Tradesman at *Lunon*, whom my Friend Mr. *Lookout* has been telling me of, who designs to chuse a Wife out of the Country, for he says the *Lunon* Lassies are filled with so much Pride and Idleness, 'tis a Chance to get a good Wife out of a Dozen.

Mrs. *Holl*. Ha, ha, ha, I fear, Husband, if the Women there bear such a Character, the Men are not far behind 'em.

Mr. *Holl*. No no, he is—a—a Tradesman, I can't tell what Trade, but I'm sure 'tis a good Trade, for this I know, he always wears his Ruffles, marry.

Mrs. *Holl*. Ha, not a bit the better for that; they say Taylors, Barbers, Button-makers and the like, wear their Ruffles at *Lunon*, tho' perhaps not six Pence in their Pockets.

Mr. *Holl*. I know nothing of that, but I have invited my Friend down, and expect him here very shortly, and then I shall hear more about it; so pray get things in good order.

Mrs. *Holl*. Ha, ha, ha, I say good order too, some Pot Companion, I'd lay a Wager. I'll have no hand in't.

Exit.

Enter Mr. Lookout.

Mr. *Holl*. Ha! Welcome into the Country, Sir, how d'ye do?

Mr. *Look*. I humbly thank you, Sir, how do you?

Mr. *Holl*. Hearty as a Buck, but can't jump quite so high.—You are the very last Person we were talking of.

Mr. *Look*. O Sir, then I have made out the old Saying, talk of the Devil his Imps appear.

C

Mr.

Mr. *Holl.* That's a Saying indeed, Sir.—But pray what News have you in Town?

Mr. *Look.* Nothing but Complaints of the hardness of the Times, and want of Business among Tradesmen, Cheating and Cozening among the Rich, and he that does it the most artful is counted the cleverest Man.

Mr. *Holl.* Ha, ha, ha, I find they are squabbling for Money at *Lunon* as well as we in the Country.

Mr. *Look.* Just the same, Sir, those that have it, keep it so close, that they who want it can no way come at it.

Mr. *Holl.* The very same here, ha, ha, ha.

Mr. *Look.* But pray how does the Ladies, your comely Daughter, and your good Spouse?

Mr. *Holl.* Both at your Service, Sir. — Pray walk this way.

[*Exeunt both.*]

Enter Margaret.

Marg. O my Stars, — I find this is the Match-maker, but if I was *Dolly*, I know what I know.

SONG. *Tune, A Batchelor's a Cormorant.*

O! what a Hardship sure is this,

O! what————

Poor Maidens undergo,

Obliged to take their Parents Choice,

Whether they like or no.

But if to please a Father's Will,

I such a one should wed,

Before the honey Moon was past,

I vow I'd — crown his Head.

Exit.

The Scene changes to another Apartment.

Enter Mr. Holliday and Mr. Lookout.

Mr. *Holl.* Walk in Sir. — here *Dolly*.

[*calls.*
Enter

Enter Dolly at a Distance.

Dolly. Did you call, Father?

Mr. Holl. Come this way, Hussy, sure you ben't afraid of a Man?

Dolly. You know Father, you always told me to be so, and what they would do to me. But I've learn't better since. (*aside.*)

Mr. Holl. Ay, but this Gentleman is come to tell you of a Husband, Hussy, I know that will please ye, so pray speak mannardly to him.

Mr. Look. Your humble Servant, pray how d'ye do young Lady?

Dolly. Thank you, Sir, but I'm no Lady, I wear no Hump, I assure you.

Mr. Holl. So, Mrs. Pert, do you begin already? the Gentleman thought no harm, that's the fine way of speaking at *Lunon*, you'll never learn Manners; you'll excuse her, Sir.

Mr. Look. O, she'll come to, Sir.

Mr. Holl. I shall leave you together then.

Exit

Mr. Look. I'll do you no harm, Child.

Dolly. I don't design you shall. (*aside*)

Mr. Look. Your Father has left me to talk over an Affair with you, my Dear.

Dolly. What may it be, Sir?

Mr. Look. A trifling Matter, *viz.* Matrimony, shan't you like that?

Dolly. O Lord, Sir, I'm no Scholar, if you come to such learned Words, I beg to be excus'd.

[*going*

Mr. Look. Nay, sweet Rose in *June*, I conjure you, hear me a Moment.

[*offers to hold her.*

Dolly. Conjure! — O help, help.

Enter Margaret.

This Man my Father has left me with, is talking of Conjuring. I fear he'll raise the Devil.

Marg. O bless me, then he must be laid again.

Doll. No, no, I'll not see him rais'd.

[*seems to faint.*]

Enter Mr. Holliday.

Mr. Holl. What's the matter here?

Marg. Matter, Matter enough, this Gentleman surely deals in the black Art, he has frighted my young Mistress into Fits, if he should raise the Devil, I'm sure our Parson cou'd n't lay him again in a Fort-night.

Mr. Holl. Po, po, she's only thinking of what's been said to her,—take her into the Air a little, she'll soon recover.

Dolly. To get away, is what I wanted. (*aside.*)

Exeunt both.

Mr. Holl. Well *Mr. Lookout*, tho' this pert Slut seems so coy about the Matter, if you can agree about it, I'll make her comply, never fear; her Mother shall talk to her, and I'll let you know by the Post how her Pulse beats, and then I shall expect your Answer accordingly, —— but I pray walk this way and taste my Ale.

Exeunt.

SCENE, *A shady Walk of Trees.*

Enter Dolly and Margaret.

Dolly. Was n't it well manag'd *Margaret*?

Marg. To a Nicety indeed, may you succeed so well to the End.

Doll. I thank you.

Sings. Tune. The Bonny Scotsman.

*Ye gentle Winds that fan the Sea
And wave the fragrant Bower
Bear hence my Sighs, or haste to me
The Swain whom I adore.*

In

*In Hymen's Bands
To join our Hands,
Tho' Parents still disdain a,
And value so,
An empty Beau,
Before a faithful Swain a.*

[They walk to the further End.

Enter Roger looking about.

Rog. I think it's about the Time, ———
Then just beneath this Poplar I'll wait a little for her,
to know the Meaning of this.—Her Father, an old
Cuff—bid me keep from his House, and not come
after his Daughter, very odd,—but be that as 'twill—
and yet three Months is a long time to court a Girl
now a Days, — and lose her too at last, zooks that's
worst of all. — But I guess how 'tis, and if *Dolly*
will be advis'd by me, we'll fling the old Man at last,
for all his Cunning.

Sings, Thou rising Sun.

*Thou radiant Sun whose scorching Beams
Allures the Fair to chrystal Streams,
Whose cooling Waves afford Delight,
Bring, bring my Dolly to my Sight :*

*O were I sure her Face to see,
I'd climb this lofty Poplar Tree,
(Whose trembling Boughs o'er-top the Grove)
And gaze around to see my Love.*

O here she comes ——— good Day, fair Lass.

Dolly. Bless me, what Wind blew you this Way,
Roger ?

Rog. You know, my Dear, Lovers have always
something to bring 'em into the Way of those they
most adore, so I come this Way on purpose to meet
you — for ———

Dolly. That's kindly done indeed, *Roger.*

Rog. For it seems I must not come to your House, your Father has —— what's the Matter with him of late, he's so ill natur'd?

Dolly. My Father's grown very cross indeed, and what is worse, he's often telling me I'm shortly to be married to some fine Spark at *Lunon* truly. But I vow I'll have no Cockney, not I, a good plain country Swain for me, and him that I love too I'll have, or it shall go hard.

Rog. Well said, Girl, for as the Song goes,

*You never knew a London Beau
That cou'd outdo a country Farmer's Son.*

I guess'd how 'twas, but yet if you'll be advis'd by me, I have a Thought in my Head how we may fling the old Fox at last.

Dolly. I shou'd be much pleas'd at that, how is it?

Rog. You know 'tis now about three Months since we were at the Fair together, if you can but play the Deceit a little, and as you have lately been sick too, your old Mother will suspect something to be the Matter; and challenge you with——you know what; — let her perswade you 'tis so, and then they'll both be glad to get us married together, by that means we shall gain our Desire. —

Dolly. An excellent Project, and as you say my late Illness will make them believe it the easier, never fear but I'll manage it right, and put it in execution the first Opportunity.

Rog. Then farewell *Dolly*, give's a parting Kifs,
Act well your Part, our Project cannot miss.
Exeunt.

SCENE, *Mr. Holliday's House.*

Two Servant Men at Breakfast.

1 *Man.* Well *Robin*, what think ye of our young Mistress now? — Here's strange Work about it.

2 *Man.*

2 *Man.* Zounds, strange Work indeed, about a young Heifer, why don't the old Man get her bull'd, what does he keep her for?

1 *Man.* O—he designs her for a gay Beau Spark at *Lunon* truly, but I find the Girl has more Wit, she has fix'd her Mind on a bold lusty country Swain——
Roger.

2 *Man.* Ay, right, and if I was *Roger*, I'd be beforehand with the fine finicking Cockney, for I'd first crack the Nut, pick the Cernel, and leave him the Shell with a Magot in it.

1 *Man.* Pish—why that's what they are afraid of, 'tis thought *Roger* has done the Job.—But that's under the Rose.—'twill come all out by and by,—so here's to you on the same. [*drinks.*]

2 *Man.* Thank ye,—Zounds make haste, for yonder comes the old Folks, let us get off, they'll think us long at Breakfast. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Holliday and Mrs. Holliday.

Mr. Holl. I'd have you take this Girl of ours to task, Wife, and perswade her off of this trifling Nonsense. Tell her 'tis my Will she shall be married to that Gentleman, tell her he's a Tradesman, and a Citizen of *Lunon*, and that by marrying him she'll soon become a Gentlewoman too, the Sound of that generally goes a great way with the female Sex.

Mrs. Holl. Truly I've no great Notion of the Match, but as you desire it, I'll take the first Opportunity to talk to her about it.

Mr. Holl. Pray see ye do, as I before have said,
Such is my Will, and that shall be obey'd:
Exeunt.

END of the First A C T.

A C T II.

SCENE, a Street in London.

Enter Mr. Lookout and Will Easy, at opposite Ends.

Mr. *Look.* Ha! what Friend *Will*, how goes it?

Will Easy. So, so, — you are always in a Hurry, some new Adventure in hand, I'd lay a Wager on't.

Look. The happiest Man alive, never less than two or three clever Girls at a time to dispose off, — and you live in hugger mugger, an old baudy Batchelor here all your Days,—you'll never thrive.

Will Easy. How the Pot calls the Kittle black Arse now.

Look. If you'd given me but one of the ten Pounds you've paid to different Parishes for the bye Children you have got, I'd have help'd you to a Girl with a Fortune long e're this.

Will Easy. Can you help me to one now?

Look. If I shou'd you dare not attack her.

Will Easy. Why not?

Look. Because you, (like many more of our Brother Citizens) are so deeply engaged with Mrs. *Betty* your House-keeper, that if you was to attempt such a Thing she'd pull your House about your Ears.

Will Easy. Po, po, I'll agree with you now on such Terms, and give you a Bottle earnest.

Look. Well then, should you like a country Girl, or a *London* Girl best?

Will Easy. The country Girls are the sweetest, but the *London* ones have generally most Money.

Look. For that Reason I shall keep my *London* Girls for myself. (*aside*) But this is a country Girl which I can engage to carry you to, with a Brace of Hundreds, when ever you please; sweet Meat, as you say, will go down with less Sauce. *Will.*

Will Easy. With all my Heart, tis a small Sum,
—but as Times are hard.— The sooner the better.

Look. 'Tis agreed on, let us go and sign the Bargain
with a Bottle of Port, and you shall see I'll be as
good as my Word. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Mr. Holliday's House.*

Enter Mrs. Holliday and Dolly.

Mrs. Holl. 'Tis mighty well, *Mrs. Boldface*, I
thought I told you enough of gadding about from
Place to Place, a dancing, and I can't tell what.

Dolly. Ay, unhappy Day I went with young *Roger*
to *May Fair*. I can't forget the pleasant Walk, thro'
the flowry Meads and shady Groves where Birds were
chanting on every Bough as we pass'd along, 'till the
more louder Notes of Oranges, Nuts, and Ginger-
Bread hastens our Steps, where old *Croudo* with his
squeaking Cat Guts inticed us in to join the frolick
Dance. But I little thought of what wou'd follow after.

Mrs. Holl. Ay, you wou'd never mind what I
said, but be always going to this Fair and t'other Fair,
and having this and that Fairing given you, and now
you've got a Fairing to some Purpose.

Dolly sings. Tune. Grim King of the Ghosts.

*O Mother I thought on your Words,
But yet they did nothing avail,
His Tongue ran so charming and smooth,
I listen'd to hear his fine Tale.
The Thoughts of it pleas'd me so,
I cou'd him no longer deny:
Tho' I often cried, no, Roger, no;
Yet I long'd all the while for to try.*

Enter Mr. Holliday.

Mr. Holl. Well Dame, how stands the Case now?

Mrs. Holl. The Case is bad enough — your Designs
are all frustrated.

D

Mr. Holl.

Mr. *Holl.* Why! what's the Matter?

Mrs. *Holl.* Matter, O! we are all undone.

Mr. *Holl.* Undone! which way, in what, how is't done?

Mrs. *Holl.* I know not how 'twas done, but done it is, your Daughter's with Child.

Mr. *Holl.* With Child! Confusion, Blood and Guts! with Child, say you?

Mrs. *Holl.* Even so, — but pray be patient, and I'll tell you all; for to be plain, I have suspected this ever since her last Illness, and since 'tis as it is, we must e'en make the best of a bad Market.

Mr. *Holl.* O, you brazen Face,—I, I—'ve a good mind to—to (*offers to strike her.*)

Dolly. O pray, Father, forgive me this once, and I'll do so no more, indeed I won't.

Mr. *Holl.* And pray who's the Father of it?

Mrs. *Holl.* Roger, truly! as far as I find.

Mr. *Holl.* And are they married, pray?

Mrs. *Holl.* No, no, but married or not married, they will have their Number, as the saying goes.

Mr. *Holl.* Not married, — worse and worse still, O the Villain. What must be done in this Case now?

Mrs. *Holl.* Done? — Why, you must go seriously to *Roger*, and perswade him to marry her, tell him, we'll give him a small Matter, and so let's hush it up as soon as we can.

Mr. *Holl.* As you say, there's no other Way to be done now. — That Rogue — that Villain, he that I so much disliked, I must be obliged to go cringing with an artificial Countenance, and against my own Inclination, perswade him to come and marry my Daughter. — What a pretty Account I've got to send to Mr. *Lookout*; a brazen Jade. *Exit.*

Dolly. Why should the poor Man be blam'd? I'm sure he thought no harm on't.

Mrs. *Holl.* O! you scandal to my Family, Hussy, the Care I have taken to dizen you out handsome, bought you new Stays to make you have a slender

slender Waist, which you have now spoiled before the Time, and bought you pink Stockings and red Heel Shoes out of the Money which was to have paid Mr. — you know who, and all this to fit you out for a Gentleman, and you, you pouting Slut, must go fling yourself away after this scandalous manner; and none but *Roger* wou'd serve ye, truly.

Dolly sings. *Tune.* The bonny Bush a Boon.

*Ob! Mother cease your Passion pray,
I'm not so much to blame,
If he is not so rich as they,
He's Flesh and Blood the same.
'Tis true he's not so fine a Beau,
Nor deckt in rich Array,
Yet he perhaps without his Cloaths,
May have more Charms than they.*

Enter Mr. Holliday, and Roger behind.

Mr. Holl. (to *Dolly*.) Here Mrs. Boldface, I've brought you your Deary, now pray see if you can persuade him to marry you.

Tune. As *Dolly* sat milking her Cow.

Dolly sings. *O Roger, O Roger come this Way,
What have you ne'er a Word to say?
O most — ungrateful as you be,
Remember what you vow'd to me.*

Roger sings. *Yes I remember all, my Lads,
How we sat down upon the Grass.
The Consequence I guess too well,
Methinks it's made your Belly swell.*

Mr. Holl. You hear, Wife, the Case is plain enough between 'em; speak to *Roger*.

Mrs. *Holl.* Harkee, *Roger*, I find 'tis all fact between you both ; I think you are a very base Man to delude my Daughter away in this manner to her Ruin.

Roger. Your Daughter's such a pretty good-natur'd Girl, what Man could refuse to crack a Commandment with her, if Opportunity offer'd ?

Mr. *Holl.* Ay, this Opportunity's the Devil. I wish she had been shut up in the Closet, a Bold-face.

Roger sings. *Tune.* What tho' I am a Country Lads.

*To last May-Fair I must confess,
I did young Dolly take, Sir ;
We danc'd together there 'tis true,
I gave her Ale and Cake, Sir.
And when our pleasing Toil was o'er,
We prattl'd home together ;
Thro' pleasant Fields and shady Walks,
Of this, and that, and t'other.*

*The Moon shone bright as home we pass'd,
The Groves were gay and still-a ;
There we sat down on a green Bank
To hear sweet Philomella :
What we did there you may suppose,
Tho' I've no need to name, Sir ;
Say, Who but would have done the like,
So, why were we to blame, Sir ?*

Mr. *Holl.* Truly Wife the Man was not so much to blame, for I vow the very Thoughts on't makes me — I can't tell how ———— (*to his Wife, aside.*) Well, *Roger*, but since you have done this, I hope you design to marry her.

Roger. I can't say I've any great Fancy to be married ; especially this hot Weather, we shall stick together like two half-penny Loaves, when just taken out of the Oven.

Mr. *Holl.*

Mr. Holl. How! not care to be married, why don't you think you ought to marry her?

Roger. Why?

Mr. Holl. Because she's with Child by you it seems.

Roger. If you think I ought, pray let's hear what you'll give me with her,—for I think every Man ought to be paid for his Labour. (*Aside*) I'll manage ye, now.

Mr. Holl. I find, Wife, there's nothing to be done without Money, so we'll give him a little Sum, and—

Roger. A little Sum! — What to tie myself to a Woman all my Life-time. — No, I'll sooner go for a Soldier, or do any thing — a little Sum! *going.*

Mr. Holl. Here, harkee, harkee, Roger.

Mrs. Holl. Roger, Roger. (*Still going.*)

Dolly. Dear Roger stay, my Father will consider on't. (*She brings him back.*)

Mr. Holl. Why, you would not stay to hear me; I propose to give you some Household Goods, and a Choice or two out of my Field, but be reasonable —

Roger. A few Household Goods will not be amiss, with a Cow or two, half a Dozen Sheep and Lambs, and one or two of the little spotted Pigs. — I think nothing else — O, yes, I must have a little Field-room for my Sheep and Lambs, — a little Hay for my Cows, and — and — a few Pease to fat my Pigs with; now I think, I have been very reasonable; and then your Daughrer shall be — my Wife.

Mrs. Holl. But why did you make that long Pause, Roger?

Roger. I was only considering, whether there was any thing else for me to chuse first, or no.

Mr. Holl. And are you satisfied now, Roger?

Roger. I shall when I've got my Bargain.

Mr. Holl. And when I'm satisfied you are both married, you shall have all your Bargains.

(*Pointing to Dolly's Belly.*)

Roger. Not so bad as you imagine. (*aside.*)

SONG. *Tune.* The Lads that wou'd know, &c.

Roger. *The Sailors that sail on the watrey Deep,
Many Dangers and Troubles forego ;
Till Fortune propitious safe brings Home the Ship,
And puts an Adieu to their Woe.*

*So we, my dear Dolly, in Torture have been,
Despairing these many Weeks past ;
But now all our Days shall be calm and serene,
We've compass'd our Point at the last.*

Dolly. *Then come, my dear Roger, no Minutes let's
Lest Time should our Wishes destroy ; (lose
But wedded let's be, then in Hymen's fair Noose,
Those yet unknown Pleasures enjoy, enjoy,
Those yet unknown Pleasures enjoy.*

Exeunt both.

Mr. Holl. Ha, ha, ha, well I'm glad we have got
Roger in the Humour to marry her.

Mrs. Holl. Ay, so am I too, for the Child's sake,
tho' 'twas not got in Wedlock, 'twill now be born in't,
and that's as well, 'tis a Thing little-minded now-a-
Days.

Mr. Holl. But I do not rightly understand some
of their last Words, Wife.

Mrs. Holl. No more do I, so after them for fear,
And I'll with Speed, all other Things prepare.
Exit Mrs. Holl.

Enter Margaret.

Marg. Master, two Gentlemen at the Door would
speak with you.

Mr. Holl. Bid them in, — Gentlemen! if it's
Mr. Lookout I'm undone, what must I say to him?

Enter Mr. Lookout and Mr. Easy.

Mr. Look. Sir, your very humble Servant.

Mr. Holl. Sir, as much yours, and I beg your
Pardon for —

Mr.

Mr. *Look*. I ask yours as much, Sir.

Mr. *Holl*. For not letting you hear from me.

Mr. *Look*. For coming without being sent for.

Mr. *Holl*. O Sir if that was all —

Mr. *Look*. I hope your Wife or Daughter is not —

Mr. *Holl*. Indeed Sir, my Daughter—is,—

Mr. *Look*. Not dead, Sir, I hope?

Mr. *Holl*. But gone to be married this very Morn.

Will Easy. What a Joke is here. *(aside.)*

Mr. *Holl*. Then, Sir, I wish you much Joy.

Mr. *Holl*. I thank you, Sir, our Entertainment is getting ready, and you and your Friend shall be very welcome, — pray walk in, this way. *Exit.*

Mr. *Look*. Sir, —

Will Easy. How I'm balk'd of my Girl tho', Friend.

Mr. *Look*. Zounds, and I of my ten Pound — but I always said you were an unlucky Dog. *Exeunt.*

SCENE, A Prospect of the Country, and a Church at a Distance.

Two Countrymen pass over the Stage, dress'd in Leather Coats, Spades, Hedging Bills, &c.

1st. *Countryman*. Robin, don't you hear the Bells ring, they say, our Neighbour Roger and Dolly, are gone to be married to Day.

2^d. *Countryman*. Ay! — then he's just going to enter into a State of Slavery.

1st. *Countryman*. Shall we go up to the Church and see 'em?

2^d. *Countryman*. Not I, marry, I've been there too often already.

1st. *Countryman*. Ha, ha, ha, why I've been three Times myself, and yet if Joan should die, I'll shoe my Horse round for all that.

2^d. *Countryman*. Boldly said, old Boy. I can't say but a good Wife is a good Thing, but a bad one is like

like a bad Piece of Land, yields but little good, unless you are often dressing it.

1st. *Countryman*. Ha, ha, ha, you are right so far too. But I think a Wife a very necessary Evil.

2d. *Countryman*. But if provok'd will scold like any Devil.

1st. *Countryman*. Right again, ha, ha, ha,
No, come Boy, come, let us to Hedging go,
And leave young *Hodge* the delving Work to do.

Exeunt.

Enter Nymphs strewing Flowers, &c. and soon after them the Bride, Bridegroom and Attendants.

A S O N G. O *Bessy Bell*.

*May Joys between this happy Pair,
And lasting Blessings flow ;
And both their Lives devoid of Care,
A constant Pleasure know.*

*May no base Strife or Discontent,
Within your House be found ;
But lasting Peace and Joys serene,
With solid Love abound.*

Roger sings to his Father.

*Now since we both are fairly wed,
I'll openly discover ;
Your Daughter's still a virtuous Maid,
And I her honest Lover.*

*Her Illness, which was but Deceit,
With a Design was done, Sir,
(So hoping you'll forgive the Cheat)
To make us two but one, Sir.*

Mr. Holliday.

*Then happy, happy, happy Pair,
May thus your Vows remain ;
Thy Care be to defend thy Bride,
Be thine to please thy Swain.*

to him.
to her.
So

*So may you ever happy live,
The Envy of Mankind;
A Life which e'ery one would wish,
But few alas ! do find.*

Roger sings.

*Now Jove has blest me with a Wife,
One Blessing more I crave,
That he her Tongue wou'd rule for Life,
Then happy we shall live.
But if her Tongue runs click-a-clack,
As many do they say;
The De'il then take her pick-a-pack,
And carry her away.*

Dolly sings.

*Now Heav'n has blest me with a Spouse,
One Blessing more I crave,
He mayn't get drunk, and waste his Time,
Then happy we shall live.
But if he does his Money spend,
And I want Bread at Home;
The De'il then take him pick a-pack,
When e're he chance to come.*

Roger. *Then fear not, Dolly, here's my Hand,
I'll ever sober prove,
And condescending to thy Will
In all that tends to Love.*

Dolly. *Then fear not, Roger, take thou mine,
My Tongue shall bridled be,
And whatsoever thou command'st
Shall be obey'd by me.*

A DANCE.

E

EPI.



E P I L O G U E.

I'M come, kind Audieuce, but in deadly Fright,
To beg you would excuse the Farce to Night ;
Altho' 'twas short, I hope you're not offended,
I'm grieved, indeed, it shou'd so soon be ended, }
And left to you to D——n, or be commended.
Our fair Sex now-a days, are grown so knowing,
They'll cry our short Things, are not worth our showing ;
Come be good-natur'd once, why should you scoff,
We've done our best, and all to make you laugh.
The Love Intrigue we've carried on with Skill,
The old Folks baulk'd, the young Ones got their Will :
At last the old Ones too, well pleased are,
The young Ones wedded, and a virtuous Pair.



T H E

HUMOURS of the TEA-TABLE.

O Gentle Muse, my artless Theme inspire,
And warm my Bosom with Poetic Fire,
While I relate, assist my faltering Rhyme,
What Women chuse, and how they pass their Time.

Most love-sweet Music, Balls and Masquerades ;
Some love the Town, and some the rural Shades ;
Some love Quadrille, will sit all Night to play,
And think it soon, if up at Twelve next Day.
All love new Suits, new Fashions, and new Faces,
And costly Things just brought from foreign Places :
They'll rob their Husbands, and their Servants stint,
To get fine Cloths, tho' he can't pay his Rent.

Some love to sleep their precious Time away,
Some take Delight with senseless Dogs to play, }
And some in taking Snuff consume the Day.
Few love their Home ; most love from Home to be ;
But all love Gaming, Gossiping, and Tea.

* A Scene of which now opens to your View ;
Here's Bread and Butter, Tea, and Sugar too :
All Things in Order, ev'ry Gossip's come,
And Silence quickly's banish'd from the Room.

Thus they begin—Pray, Madam, how d'ye do? }
Lord ! I han't seen you, not this Day or two ! }
No, you ne'er come, one may be dead for you. }
Believe me, Ma'm, I'm mighty ill to Day,
At Cards last Night sat very late to play ;
Lost ; O my Stars ! was ever Fate so hard ;
No, never more, I'll play another Card.

Miss, how d'ye do? O that's a curious Fan.
Lord ! Captain Gailey is a clever Man ;
How tall he is ! Majestical he walks !
He sings most charming ! and most sweetly talks !
He is ! O me—hush not a Tittle more,
For here's the Captain just against the Door ;

Ha !

• A Parlour, where several Ladies are drinking Tea.

Ha ! so he is, I solemnly declare,
Talk of the Devil, and his Imps appear.

Cap. Ladies, your Slave ; what Captain ! pray come in
You're quite a Stranger Sir, which Way h've you been ?

Cap. Been to the De'l, believe me Ma'm 'tis true.

Miss smiles at that, young Lady how d'ye do ?

Miss. Do, with my Hands ; true *Miss*, I vow
you're right,

How sharp you be, I find you're grown polite.
E're since the *Dean's* Court Grammar has been writ,
Our modern Ladies all o'erflow with Wit.

Lady. Captain, sit down, excuse me, Madam, pray,
I am so hurried up and down to Day,
I can't, I vow, my Business calls me hence :
Sit down I say, that's your Pretence ?
Here, bring a Chair,—Excuse me, Ladies, now ;
I must be gone, I cannot stay, I vow.

One waits me yonder, I your Pardon crave ;
Another Time, so Ladies I'm your Slave :
Then Captain yours ;—They tend him to the Door,
And talk about him for two Hours more ;
His Humour, Air, his Drefs, and ev'ry Part,
Which quickly fathom'd each kind Female's Heart.

Thus as they talk, in comes my Lady *Tattle* ;
And thus again, they all renew their Prattle,
I'm glad to see you, Madam, pray sit down,
And how d'ye do ? What News d'ye hear in Town ?
How does your Spouse ! can little Master walk !
Is *Fanny* wedd ? or is it only Talk ?

Tattle. *Fanny* is wedd, I can affirm it true,
Tho' 'tis a Secret, I tell it none but you.
But now 'tis spoke, each Female lays her Tongue on't,
And half the Parish in two Hours rung on't ;
So quick, so loud, their nimble Tattles run,
Of who's miscarried, married, or undone.
How *Sally's* crooked, and how *Gloe's* fair,
And pretty *Polly* too has got red Hair.
All raise their Voice, their Voices all uniting ;
Set Dogs with Cats, and Cats with Dogs to fighting.

Nay,

Nay, Dogs, nor Cats, with Trumpets, Bells and Boys,
 Make half so sharp, so shrill, so loud a Noise,
 As do these Females with their ceaseless Larum;
 All talk at once, but none at all to hear 'em.

JOHN COOPER: AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN honest *John Cooper*
 To *India* was gone,
 He left his young Wife
 (As he thought) all alone.
 But the Girl had more Wit,
 (And I think in the right)
 Then to lie all alone
 In a cold Winter's Night.
 Tho' her Husband was gone,
 Sh'd another instead,
 T' inlarge both at once
 His Prog'ny and Head.
 This Sport for twelve Months
 Went merrily on,
 At the End of which Time
 Came home cuckoldly *John*;
 With a thousand kind Speeches
 Embracing his Spouse,
 But not the least thinking
 She'd horned his Brows.
 Next viewing his Children
 From biggest to least,
 I think, Wife, he cries,
 Their Number's increas'd.
 The Wife she thus answer'd,
 And fawningly smil'd,
 'Twas what pleased GOD
 He has sent you this Child.
 Well, (quoth he) since 'tis so,
 I'll keep the young Elf;
 But, if he sends any more
 He shall keep them himself.

But,

The NEW GAME.

IT happen'd on a Winter's Night,
 From whence I shall my Tale indite,
 A merry Cobler and his Wife,
 To pass the tedious Hours of Life,
 Agreed, when they had Supper done,
 To have a Game at THIRTY-ONE.
 Yet without either Cards or Dice ;
 You may suppose 'twas something nice :
 To please this rum old Couple's Hearts,
 They reckon'd up their Game by F—s.
 Old *Joan*, impatient who should win,
 Cries, Come my Dear, I'll first begin ;
 So crack she went ; he let another :
 Next Time she let six altogether.
 He play'd again ; she let three more,
 Which made her Number half a Score.
 Now fair and even they go on,
 'Till *Joan* had reach'd to Twenty-one.
 The Cobler now began to fret
 And fume, for fear he should be beat ;
 While she as much began to grin,
 Well pleas'd to think how she should win ;
 And yet possess'd with Woman's Fear,
 Would often cry, You cheat, my Dear.
 Oh Muse ! and will you tell the rest ?
 No, rather leave it to be guess'd :
 And yet, why was my Tale begun ?
 If I leave off before it's done.
 Then here again I will proceed.
 I'm Twenty-one, (quoth she)—Agreed,
 (Says he) 'tis true ; — then straining hard,
 I'm Game, (she cry'd) here's a gay Card !
 And true it was ! for on my Word,
 Out flew a swingeing yellow T—d ;
 And such a Hogoo with the Soil,
 You might have smelt it half a Mile !



